

The Historie of

for Powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but, *Sir John*, mee-thinks they are exceeding poore, and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barennes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

Pri. No, Ile be sworne, vlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: But sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

West. He is, *Sir John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good Coosen be aduise, stir not to night.

Ver. Doe not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Doe me no slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected Honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my coosen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Henry the fourth.

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hot. So are the Horses of the Enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth our:
For Gods sake, Coosen, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet soundes a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, *sir Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruings and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so.
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against annoynted Maiestie:
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefes, and wherevpon
You coniure from the breast of ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good desertes forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all speed,
You shall haue your desires with interest,
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mislead by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:
My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares,
And when he was not fixe and twenty strong,
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,

A